THE STAGE HERE AND ABROAD

AUDIENCES MUCH THE SAME ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC.

Sotto Voce Comments on Classic Drama in Two Cities—The Electric Scene Shifter—"Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" Succeeds—Was Shakespeare a Jew?

John Coleman, the veteran English actor, who died a short time ago, was a link with some of the great actors of the last genegation, says the London *Era*. At fourteen he ran away from home with the notion of going on the stage. Reaching Drury Lane he got himself admitted to the presence of the imposing Macready. This master histrion listened patiently to Coleman recite, "My name is Norval," and glacially advised the boy to return to school. Nothing daunted, the aspirant went back to his studies and later became an actor. He played *Othello* to Macready's *Iago*, and sprang upon the tragedian, as he said, "more like a tiger than a human being." Coleman was requested to "confine his excitement to his mind, and not allow it to influence his muscles." An excellent piece of advice.

A literary listener to the performance of "The Way of the World" at the Court Theatre—the old Congreve play was revived by the Mermaid Society—has put down on paper a few samples of talk overheard in the audience. At the end of the first act an elderly lady asked:

"Can you make out what it is about? I can't. It seems the most extraordinary play. Whoever talks like that?"

After the third act, when *Millimant* had shown her quality, the same voice said:

"Why ever should that young woman talk in that pretentious way? She is dreadfully affected. I can't understand it at all?"

And again, after *Lady Wishfort's* warmly expressed anxiety for the arrival of *Sir Rowland*, the same voice was again lifted up in remonstrance:

"I hope it is her husband that that woman is expecting. I can't get over the play being acted on Sunday. It seems a most extraordinary thing."

The room of *Lady Wishfort* was appropriately furnished, and a correct folding table with curved legs stood at one side of the stage.

"Oh," exclaimed the fair critic, "look at that nice table. It is exactly like the one in my spare bedroom, you remember."

This type of theatregoer flourishes on both banks of the Atlantic. Wednesday night at the Empire Theatre while Julia Marlowe was in the middle of her row with her stage brother, *Henry VIII.*, a young woman very much excited asked her escort why the royal *Harry* and *Mary* should so quarrel.

"Hush!" he whispered. "One would suppose you never read English history. Miss Marlowe is supposed to be one of his divorced wives. That is the reason why the queen, *Katharine* of Castile—where the soap grows—is jealous of her, and wishes to get rid of her by marriage to the French King, Louis XVI., whose head was cut off by Robespierre during the revolution. Read Carlyle, Bessie; read Carlyle; he's great!"

Manager Shea, who nearly collapsed when told of this display of brilliant erudition, now thinks of distributing a copy of Green's history to every lady who attends "When Knighthood Was in Flower" during its stay at the Empire.

Mr. Lytton of the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, has invented a device for changing scenes by electricity. He touches a button on a plate in the wings and the trick is accomplished. Here is an idea for Mr. Conried. The recalcitrant stage hand would soon come to order if such an invention could be made practical. But then he, in his turn, might invent a plate with a button which, if touched, would kill the manager. Anything to touch a manager.

The new iron curtain which has been hung at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford, bears the happy legend: "For thine especial safety."—*Hamlet.*

At Bristol, Martin Harvey's performance of "The Only Way" and "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," was warmly praised from a local pulpit as being "ennobling." This is as curious a specimen of criticism as that recently made in this city by a clergyman who denounced French plays in terms so temptingly luscious that his audience must have fairly longed to see the most unsavory specimen at once. Let sleeping dramas lie, say we.

The London *Academy* devotes its issue of April 23 entirely to Shakespeare. From stem to stern there are critical articles, pictures, studies and gossip about the great dramatist.

The same journal comments upon the Mermaid Society's interpretation of "The Way of the World." The general effect of the acting, it appears, was heaviness; there was little of that lightness, airiness, grace, necessary for the playing of the Restoration comedy. Mrs. Theodore Wright was *Lady Wishfort*, and "she made of her a magnificent picture of an elderly she-fool."

"From Saturday to Monday," by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, did not fulfill the high expectations raised by the author's successful "Op o' My Thumb." The former piece is christened an "irresponsible comedy," though it is frank comedy. George Alexander and Beatrice Forbes-Robertson are in the play, which at least evokes laughter—a quality not all negligible nowadays.

Would you have ever supposed it? "Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner" is a success at the Imperial Theatre, London. To judge from its reception here at the Criterion, one would have imagined that it had not the ghost of a show. Lewis Waller and Grace Lane are in the leading rôles.

Genevieve Ward, whose name is but an echo to this generation—shall we ever lose the memory of her in "Forget Me Not"?—will read *Volumnia* in "Coriolanus" on May 20, at a reading under the auspices of the British Empire Shakespeare Society. J. H. Leigh will read *Coriolanus*. The Court Theatre is to be the place selected for the affair.

Father Blackmore, in a lecture at the Creighton University, declared that Shakespeare lived and died a Catholic. The entire town of Stratford was Catholic. When Queen Elizabeth died, Shakespeare, alone among the poets of his day, refused to write a line to her memory. A certain Mr. Le Lievre points to the *Month* for July, 1899—it is the organ of the English Jesuits—in which the general acceptance of the poet's religion is denied. Shakespeare's father may have been a Roman Catholic, and "the poet's tastes and sympathies may have been on the old orthodox side; but; he revolted from the narrowness of Elizabethan Protestanism; but that he believed—that is another question."

Since every profession, every ism, every religion, has been foisted upon Shakespeare—even Baconianism—why not put a fresh question? Was Shakespeare perhaps of Hebraic ancestry? Montaigne's mother was a Jewess. Charles Lamb had Jewish blood in his veins, and there are some that believe, because the elder Browning was in the employ of the Barings—his family name was Breuning—that he, too, had a drop of the Oriental in him. After Father Barry's unanswerable statement that John Henry, Cardinal Newman, came of Dutch-Jewish ancestry, is there any reason why the suspiciously Hebraic quality of Shakespeare's alleged portraits should not be construed Israel-wise? His envious fellow dramatists called "gentle Will" a "Shakescene," which, as every orientalist knows, is the translation of *Shotchen*—a familiar Hebrew expression. The learned Rabbi Ben-Ezra has cleared up all these trying questions in his great tome, "Hammersteinians; or, the Origin of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon."

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

Some boys were passing ball yesterday afternoon in Cortlandt street near Broadway, regardless of the fact that hundreds of people were hurrying along that street on their way to the ferry. Some of the passersby who had to dodge the ball wanted to know what the police were paid for, anyway; but one philosophical person remarked that a crowded city street was the best place in the world to train crack baseball players.

"Any boy," said the philosopher, "who can catch a ball or throw one well here can do it anywhere. But the main advantage of the street over an open lot as a training ground is that it makes a boy alert. Now, just watch that kid who is about to throw the ball. He's on the watch every second for the cop on this beat. A boy who learns how to play ball and keep from being arrested at the same time will never let a base runner steal second on him in a real game on the diamond."

A woman dragging a big mastiff dog attached to a piece of rope tried to board a Madison street horse car going east at Madison and Catharine streets.

"Nothing doing, lady; wait for the next car," said the conductor, signalling for the driver to go ahead.

The lady stood on the crossing and waited for the next car. Meanwhile, the dog lay down, blocking the tracks. Along came a car, and again the woman beckoned to the driver to stop.

"See here, lady; it's against the rules of the company to ride dogs on this car," remarked the conductor.

"That's all right; I'll pay his fare and guarantee he'll not bite any one," answered the dog's mistress.

But the driver started the car without carrying woman or dog. She went across the street to an undertaker's, whose horse and wagon were standing outside, and made a deal with the undertaker to have her dog driven to the Grand street ferry. Then she mounted the seat with the driver and started off.

In the wildest part of Central Park, near 104th street and the East Drive, is a small mineral spring. Until recently the existence of the spring was known to a few only. Now one has to wait his turn in a long line.

The spring is on the bank of the cave brook, near the East Drive culvert. The water gushes from a small cleft in the top of a big rock and falls into a natural basin. Several years ago a Park policeman showed it to an old gentleman who was in the habit of taking a daily walk in the Park. In some way the news spread and now every pleasant afternoon a long line of carriages and automobiles is usually drawn up in the East Drive while their owners climb down to the spring. Many of the flat dwellers on the West Side bring bottles with them and carry some of the water home. Soon after 6 o'clock a long line of Italian laborers from the subway at 104th street and Central Park West may be seen there filling empty dinner pails on the way home.

The water has no pronounced flavor, but analysis has proved it to possess all the mineral ingredients of several of the well known springs.

"You don't know me," said the pretty, overdressed woman who came into a Fifth avenue manicure's room. "I'm a stranger and I haven't a cent in my pocket. But I want my nails done and by the time you've finished, my husband will be back from the bank and he'll pay you."

She took her seat and the operator was at work on her hands before she had finished her opening speech. It was a quiet place with its own unchanging clientele to which few strangers are added. So the manicure wondered at the new arrival, so different from the New Yorkers who customarily come to her place. The woman explained, after a while, that she had been sent there by a hairdresser in the neighborhood, who occasionally sent customers to the place.

The operation was finished but the husband did not appear. After a minute of nervous waiting the woman sprang to her feet and put on the table a valuable diamond ring.

"I'm going to look for my husband," she said. "He must have forgotten me."

Then she darted out of the room heedless of the request of the manicure, who preferred to run the risk of losing her fee to being left with the valuable stone. In addition to that the woman left on the table a gold wrist bag thickly set with gems.

A quarter of an hour passed, and for the first time the manicure grew suspicious. Such a guarantee of honesty seemed so unnecessary that something must be wrong. But after half an hour the lady returned, triumphantly bearing a dollar bill.

"He'd gone back to the hairdresser's by mistake," she said, "and was waiting there." Then she gathered up her valuables and retired.

English actors who come to New York in search of engagements soon discover that one recommendation on which they rely does them no good in the dramatic agencies here. It makes no favorable impression for them to say that they have acted with Beerbohm Tree.

"Oh, that means that you have probably acted about three parts if you have been on the stage so many years," is the answer of the agents. "We want actors with more experience in a wider range of parts. The average actor in the companies of Beerbohm Tree never gets a chance to play more and young actors who have been in his companies for several years at the end of that time have little or no general experience."

So wise actors looking for engagements never mention this fact.

There is always a way. The other day a Spaniard went up to a Bridge policeman and asked something in his native tongue. The cop couldn't understand. The stranger produced a card bearing the name of an uptown hotel which is the headquarters of Spaniards in New York.

"That's easy now," said the cop. He took the Spaniard to a nearby drug store, called up the hotel on the 'phone, and told the clerk who answered that a foreigner who could speak no English and had one of the hotel cards, was evidently lost. Then he asked the clerk to find out what the man wanted.

When the stranger put the receiver to his ear, his face brightened and he began to chatter like a squirrel. After talking for five minutes he handed the receiver back to the policeman.

"That man was a guest of ours and is lost," said the clerk; "he wants to go to a steamboat pier in Brooklyn."

The cop told the clerk how to get there; the clerk told the Spaniard, and the latter went on his way with many grateful bows and expressions of thanks.

Please, Mary, Write to John.

Mary Fegan, who left Ennis, County Clare, Ireland, on June 29, 1862, for Brooklyn in America, will please the folks in the old country by letting them know how she does.

Her brother John has written to the "editor of THE SUN paper" from Ennis asking for word of her. "Any information of her," he says, "will be thankefully reseved by her brother John fegan, Market st., Ennis.

Negro Valet Grieves for the Late Consul.

Norwood N. Hall, the nine-year-old North Carolina negro dwarf who was the valet of Bostock's educated chimpansee, Consul, which died in Berlin several months ago, arrived yesterday by the White Star steamship Teutonic. He is still grieving over Consul, whom he regarded in the light of a playmate. The boy said that Consul was just as human as some coons that he knows and merely couldn't talk.

Charity Fete at Mrs. James Speyer's.

At the home of Mrs. James Speyer, 257 Madison avenue, the Children of Loving Service gave their sixth annual fête yesterday afternoon. The receipts will go to the fund to provide beds for convalescent babies of the poor at the society's country home at Sea Cliff, L. I. Women well known in society had charge of the tables and Mrs. Speyer's drawing room was thronged with buyers.

THE LADY AND THE HUNTER;

OR, HOW MRS. LADENBURG'S GROOM CAME TO HAVE FITS.

The Mare He Was Holding for the Horsewoman to Mount Trod on His Toes and Kicked Him—Somebody's Fault, and the Court Is to Decide Whose It Was.

Justice Clarke and a jury in the Supreme Court heard additional testimony yesterday in the suit of James O'Gara, a groom, to recover $15,000 damages from his former employer, Mrs. Emily S. Ladenburg, the widow of Adolph Ladenburg, for injuries sustained in having his toes trampled on and in being kicked in the chest by one of Mrs. Ladenburg's thoroughbred hunters.

O'Gara alleges that on Aug. 9, 1900, while he was attending the mare and while Mrs. Ladenburg was in the act of mounting her, the mare, a vicious animal, trod on his right foot and kicked him in the chest. The chief and most far reaching result of the accident was, according to the groom, epileptic fits.

The mare, which is said to be distantly related to Iroquois, James R Keene's old Derby winner—the only American horse that ever won the Derby—was, according to the groom, a most ill-tempered brute. Counsel for Mrs. Ladenburg contended that the groom's injuries were due to his own negligence in not exercising the mare properly. This, O'Gara asserted, was Mrs. Ladenburg's fault, as she said she would ride the animal on the day on which the accident occurred.

O'Gara testified that Mrs. Ladenburg, who is regarded as one of the most expert horsewomen in the Meadow Brook Hunt, mounted the mare from a chair and told how he thought a woman ought to mount a horse. Mrs. Ladenburg, he said, "had just put one leg over the pommel for the lady's leg" when the mare trod on his toes and kicked. He was then standing at the animal's head holding the bridle. At the time Mrs. Ladenburg, he said, called him a hero.

"What is your idea of the proper way for a lady to mount a horse?" O'Gara was asked.

"First she places her hand on the pommel, sir," said he, "then I takes hold of her foot, sir, gives 'er a lift, sir, an' one—two—three, she's off, sir, and I tips me 'at, I do, sir."

"Did you press hard on her side?" asked counsel for the plaintiff.

"No, sir," said O'Gara.

"Did you tickle her?"

"No, sir."

"Pardon me, but are you referring to the horse?" asked counsel for the defendant.

"Yes, sir," said O'Gara.

O'Gara was asked where John Morris was—John Morris, the man who was in the stable where O'Gara was carried after the accident.

"I don't know, sir," he replied. "He's dead, sir."

Mrs. Ladenburg was in court at the hearing. She will probably take the stand in her own defense to-day.

THE LADIES SAT ON THEIR MUSIC.

This Didn't Seem to Be Nice and Now They Will Hang It on the Chairs Ahead.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., May 5.—A meeting of the Musical Art Society of Orange was held this morning in Commonwealth Hall, East Orange. Mrs. Alexander King was elected president and Mrs. William Thorp vice-president. The heads of the various committees were appointed as follows: Music, Mrs. Franklin Giffin; membership, Mrs. Alfred Taff; printing, Miss Anne B. Clapp; concert, Mrs. Walter I. McCoy.

It has been the custom when the chorus, which is composed exclusively of women, gives its concert to place all the music which is to be sung on the chairs of the singers, with the exception of the composition which is being performed and thus the women sit on the music during the performance. When it is time to sing another song they turn around and pick the next piece off the chair, replacing it with the piece they have just sung.

It was reported at the meeting this morning that some of those who sat in the audience had complained that it didn't look nice to see the women turn around and reach down for their music after each song, so it was decided to have a number of little canvas bags hung on the chairs ahead in which the music will be kept, so the singers will merely have to reach forward. All hands are now wondering what those in the front row will do.

JOE JEFFERSON TO YALE MEN.

He Tells 'Em About the Only Time He Was Hissed Off the Stage.

NEW HAVEN, May 5.—Joe Jefferson had his annual quiz class before 1,000 Yale students this afternoon in College Street Hall. He has made it a rule to give a little talk on the drama to the students and professors whenever he comes to town. He was warmly received and then said:

"If the people at the theatre would only applaud as you boys do, how much better the acting would be."

Mr. Jefferson said there was one time when he cursed the national anthem. That was when he was hissed from the stage for the first and last time. He was booked, when a youngster, to recite "The Star Spangled Banner," and was so overcome with stage fright that all he could utter was "Oh, say, can you see——?" Three times he asked his audience if it could see, and couldn't go a word further. The third time the audience hissed him from the platform

News of Plays and Players.

Manager F. C. Whitney and others are arranging a benefit for "Yours Merrily," John R. Rogers. It is to take place on May 27, at one of the Broadway theatres, and will celebrate Mr. Rogers's thirty-fifth year as a theatrical manager, discoverer of stars and originator of the press agent. Everybody will take part.

Elizabeth Tyree's press agent says that she received a cablegram yesterday from Elisabeth Marbury, in London, who asked if Miss Tyree would permit Mme. Réjane to use "Heureuse," the French version of "Tit for Tat," in her American tour next season, and Miss Tyree has replied that she is willing if the police do not stop the performance.

Miss Mabel McKinley, the vaudeville artist, has written a two act comic opera on Washington life, and it is to be produced next season under the management of B. A. Meyers, with herself in the leading rôle. The production will be backed by Leo Feist, Miss McKinley's music publisher.

At the second anniversary of the Actors' Home at West New Brighton, Staten Island, on Sunday, addresses will be made by Heinrich Conried, Wilton Lackaye, Clara Morris and others, and there will be music by De Wolf Hopper, Nella Bergen, Edmund Stanley and Hortense Mazurette.

When Virginia Harned appears at the Garrick in "Camille" on Monday night Louise Drew, daughter of John Drew, will play *Nichette*.

The Eagle Minstrels will give a big show at the New York Theatre on May 15. The proceeds will go to entertaining the Eagles who attend the convention of the order in Baltimore in September.

At the Herald Square Theatre on Sunday night there will be a benefit in aid of the Metropolitan Hospital and Dispensary.

New Colonial Theatre Plans Filed.

Plans have been filed for the new Colonial Theatre, to be built at Sixty-second street and Broadway for the Colonial Theatre Company, of which Meyer R. Bimberg is president. It is to be three stories high and fireproof, seating 1,700 spectators, and having a main frontage of 100 feet and a depth of 189.6½ feet. The façades will be of brick and ornamental stone and the building will have entrances in Broadway, Columbus avenue and Sixty-second street. The cost is estimated at $190,000

MARRIAGE WAVE HITS COPS.

East Thirty-fifth Street Police Shot Down in Bunches by Cupid.

A number of policemen of the East Thirty-fifth street station have been badly wounded lately, but no arrests were made. The shooting was done by a small, naked boy, and his weapons were bow and arrows.

The men are known as the Cupid squad. Patrolman Michael J. New commands at present by reason of his romantic story. Ten months ago he saved the daughter of Roundsman Farrell from being killed by a car on Third avenue. Miss Farrell was very grateful to the big fellow and he liked that. Two weeks ago a patient escaped from the insane ward at Bellevue and, rushing out of the building, made for Miss Farrell, who was passing. And New was right there. It is his post. Perhaps that was why she was passing. Anyhow, he rescued her again. They are to be married soon after the police parade.

Richard Golding is rather restive under his honors, but station house rumor has it that his heart is in the keeping of a minister's daughter of Cobleskill, where Golding's father is chief of police.

Others of the Cupid squad are John Dust, who is to be married in two months and is willing to admit it; William J. O'Brian, who is to wait but two weeks, and Patrick Reed, known on First avenue as the "Irish King." Detective Arthur Rossner keeps the picture of a Syosset, L. I., girl on his desk.

Roundsman Tubbs will join the squad it is said "if he can keep his nerve," and Sergt. Henry B. Schryner is also spoken of as a possible recruit. Sergt. Morgan, who had the desk when the Cupid squad were on review, was asked if the three platoon system was responsible for the break-up of the batchelors' club.

"No, son," he said. "I guess it's just nature working. I felt the same when I was married thirty-three years ago, and I haven't forgotten yet. Good luck to the boys."

REELECTS MORRIS K. JESUP.

Chamber of Commerce Chooses Him Again as President—Reply About Chinese.

Morris K. Jesup was reelected president of the Chamber of Commerce yesterday, and Chauncey M. Depew, Vernon H. Brown and Isidor Straus were elected vice-presidents. George Wilson was chosen secretary, James G. Cannon treasurer, and J. Edward Simmons chairman of the executive committee.

At the meeting, which was the 136th annual gathering of the chamber, a letter was read from Secretary Cortelyou relative to the resolution adopted at the last meeting requesting the Government to facilitate the entrance to this country of exempt Chinese who are to visit the World's Fair. Secretary Cortelyou said that Chinese merchants and others would be admitted upon the presentation of certificates in conformity with the existing laws.

ESCAPE FROM A GUARD HOUSE.

Six Soldiers Break Jail at Fort Ethan Allen —Thirty Decide Not to Try.

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 5.—Six prisoners confined in the guard house at Fort Ethan Allen made their escape this morning by filing the iron bars at a window. There were thirty-six prisoners in the guard house, but thirty declined to escape.

An armed force of troopers is searching for the missing men, but none of them has yet been found. The entire guard in charge of the prisoners has been arrested pending an investigation of the escape. Charles McCarthy of the Fifteenth Cavalry was the only general prisoner who escaped. He was serving a sentence for larceny. The others were garrison prisoners, serving for minor offences. They were Edward Ramsey, Edward Payne, Robert Chappelle, Charles Willett and J. I. Henson.

50C.—Maupassant's Short Stories, Amateur Cracksman, Reynolds' Old London, Tom Jones, De Kock. PRATT, 161 6th av.

Three Hanged for a Double Murder.

WINCHESTER, Tenn., May 5.—Henry Judge, Joe Delp and John Evans were hanged here to-day for the murder of Simon Bucher and his wife last August. A large crowd was expected and threats had been made to tear down the fence enclosing the scaffold so that the execution might be made public. Sheriff Stewart was prepared for such an emergency and set the execution for an early hour to prevent trouble.